

Rural Editor's Paragraphs

HIFE SNODGRASS opines that a lady marryin' one of them English Lords reminds him of the Leviathan in Hoboken because she's goin' to be tied to a pier for a long time.

After watchin' the awkward squad of the football material at the local high school we are of the idee that the coach is goin' to get a lot of dumbbell exercise.

"Foiled again," said the stale piece of chawin' gum to itself as it was rewrapped into a fresh package.

Our former feller townsman, Zeke Oatcake, is home makin' a right smart stay amongst his wife's folks. Zeke allows that no matter how big a crowd on the subway in New York durin' rush hours he can always git a seat. He's got a job as motorman in the subway.

Hank Spruce hired a city feller to help him harvest his crop of oats. When Hank called the feller at 4 o'clock in the a. m. to get on the job, the young man says to Hank, "Are they wild oats? Do we have to sneak up on 'em in the dark?"

Great soaks from little barley-corns grow.

Speakin' of cross-word puzzles, Steve Trotter says his wife is about the crossdest word puzzle he ever came across.

The production of "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," which was to have been produced at the Opera House, has been postponed for one week because Ike Snedeker, the manager, was dependin' on the bowlin' alley downstairs to furnish the thunder for the storm scene an' the bowlin' alley has been closed up for repairs.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but a smudge of soft coal smoke on a feller's white flannel trousers sure does make one mad.

From Here and There

Of Some Value.

COHEN, the clothier, followed a customer out to his buggy.

"Dot's a pretty fine horse you are driving," he commented approvingly.

"Yes, he's a good one."

"How much would you sell him for?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"What! Is he silk lined?"

Seems to Help Anyway.

WHAT is an optimist?

"A man who thinks that if he puts 'Rush' on a letter it will be delivered sooner than it would be otherwise."

"Or one who will write PERSONAL on a postcard and not expect everybody to read it."

What Can a Fellow Do?

MISS FAYRE—Is it true, Mr. Dodge, that football trousers are made from mole skin?

Mr. Dodge—Yes; that's so.

Miss Fayre—Well, I think football is a cruel enough game without killing poor moles just to make trousers of.

No, Isolated.

WESTERN CHILD (returning from Europe, surfeited with monuments and many tombs)—Mamma, what's that?

Mother—The Statue of Liberty, dear!

Western Child—Is that where Liberty is buried?

She Went Home to Mother.

MRS. JUST MARRIED—You know the proof of the pudding is the eating, dear.

Mr. Just Married—Yes, but I'm no test tube.

In a Hurry.

MAGISTRATE—What is the charge against this old man?

Officer—Stealing some brimstone, Your Honor. He was caught in the act.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—My aged friend, couldn't you have waited a few years longer?

A Diplomatist.

TO what do you attribute your first start on the road to success?" asked the interviewer.

The self-made man pondered. "I think," said he, "it must have been due to the fact that when I was a boy I laughed louder at the boss's jokes than any of the other fellows in the office."

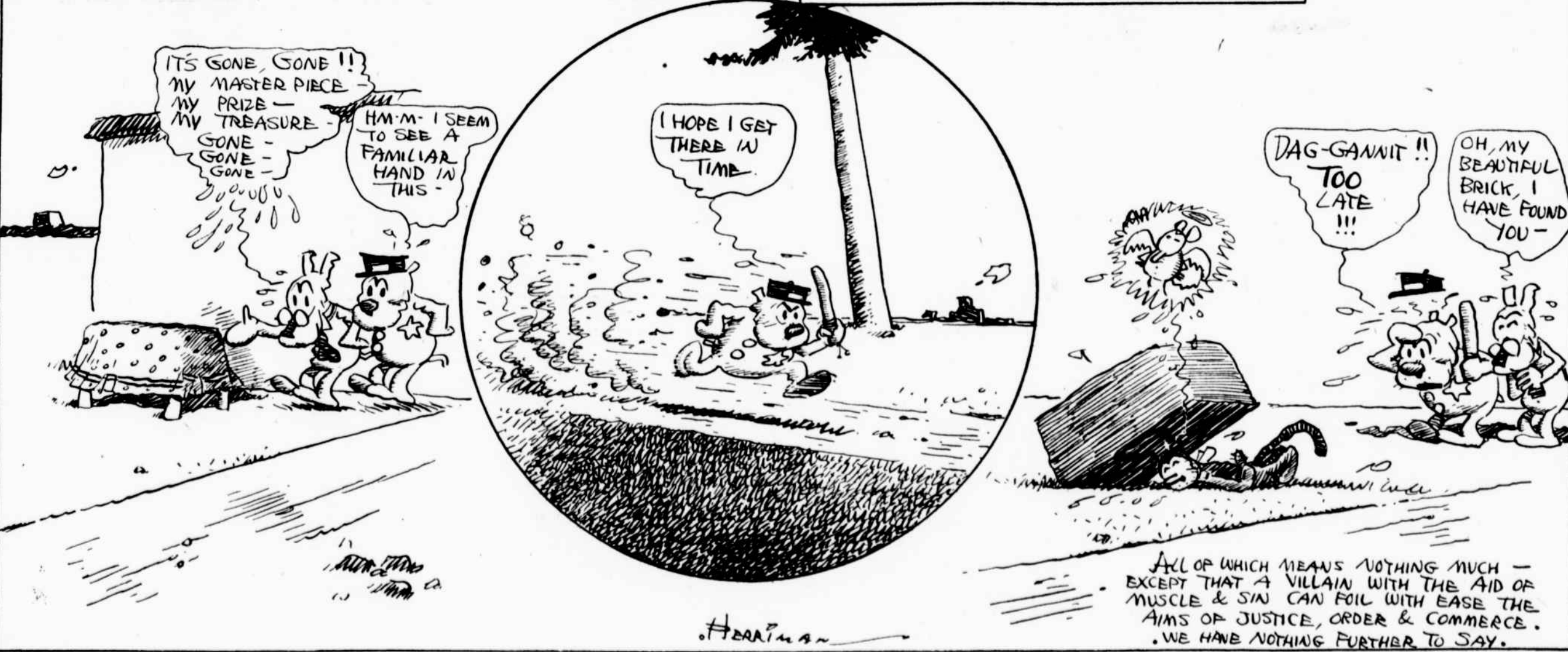
Krazy Kat

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By Herriman



"IGNATZ MOUSE" SPECTATES INTERESTEDLY AND CONCEIVES AN AMAZINGLY AMUSING IDEA, NOT ENTIRELY UNTINGED WITH SIN.



Frothingham Phibbs on Jazz Music

By Nat N. Dorfman.

THE wind whistled a popular melody to where Frothingham Phibbs was trying to enjoy the light Summer breeze while perusing the pages of an even lighter Summer magazine.

"There it goes again," he ejaculated scornfully. "That's all you hear these days, nothing but jazz! It must have been invented by a married man—it's so full of discordant notes!"

"Well," interposed Mrs. Amanda Phibbs, with more good nature than was her custom since Phibby refused to buy her a large fur coat for the Summer. "Let the new generation enjoy what they please. It's the latest wrinkle."

"If it is then all I can say is that somebody ought to iron it out," snapped back Phibbs. "It's flat, flatter than a man's salary when his wife lays her hands on it. I think there is about as much music in jazz as there are hips on a snake."

"I have a snaky feeling," commented the mischievous Amanda, "that you aren't feeling right to-day or you wouldn't be bothering about modern music. Can't you think of something else?"

"How can I with all this noise the jazz records are making? Did you ever hear such a bundle of inharmonious tones in your life?"

"Why, certainly," replied the misssus, unabashed. "Quite often. In fact, every time you try to sing."

"Well," Mr. Phibbs fired back as if emulating his flivver, "I'm not responsible for the sweetness of my notes after they leave me. But you can bet the buttons on the back of your dress that they're all right when they're passing through my larynx. If the tone of my voice is soured by contact with the atmosphere I don't see why I am to be blamed. I try hard enough. But what excuse is there for jazz?"

"That's the dance that goes with it, if you must know," suggested Mrs. Amanda.

"You don't mean dance," Phibbs amended Amanda. "You mean the shimmy, a hideous nightmare invented by a man with the St. Vitus dance. No wonder reformers say the shimmy should be shunned."

"I can't see what's wrong with it," said Mrs. Phibbs. "It might not be as decorous as the old-fashioned waltz, but it has rhythm."

"As far as I can see, it is without rhythm or reason. In fact, from what I've seen of the dance, it's like a man standing still with a chill—a couple of shakes and he's executing the shimmy, only he doesn't know it. A man who goes to work in a flivver shimmies all the way down."

Mrs. Phibbs detected a note of triumph crossing the brow of her mate for this humorous shake-up, and seeing an opportunity to knock him off his perch said:

And He Got the One.

A TRAVELER, whose train had stopped at a town famous for its buns, beckoned to a small boy on the platform and giving him ten cents told the little fellow to bring him a bun and buy one for himself with the other nickel.

The boy soon returned. Calmly eating a bun he handed five cents to the astonished traveller, remarking:

"There was only one left, boss."

who I've seen of the dance, it's like a man standing still with a chill—a couple of shakes and he's executing the shimmy, only he doesn't know it. A man who goes to work in a flivver shimmies all the way down."

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Who Was He?

THE proud father, to whom a college education had been denied, met his daughter at the train on her return from college.

"But, Helen," he said, "aren't you unusually fat?"

"Yes, dad," she replied, "I weigh one hundred and forty pounds stripped for 'gym.'"

The father looked dazed for a moment and then demanded:

"Who in thunder is Jim?"

"I guess you're jealous because you can't dance the shimmy."

"Dance it?" fairly shouted the exasperated Phibbs. "Do you think I'm a lounge lizard or something? I'd rather be a bootlegger than be seen gyrating to that music. I'm still sane, you know."

"I'm glad you told me so," said Mrs. Phibbs softly, with that deep innuendo that Mr. Phibbs couldn't fail to get.

Helen Wadsworth, college chum with two of her charming young nieces from Brooklyn the next evening, and aided and abetted by Mrs. Phibbs prevailed upon Frothingham to take them to a cabaret.

Frothy frothed at the mouth at first, but he couldn't decline and soon they found themselves seated near a jazz band that played with murderous intent while the terpsichorean artists executed their artistry with a vengeance.

"Oh, won't you please dance with me?" pleaded Fifi, the youngest niece, as the band struck up an unusually heated number.

"But—but I can't dance—the shimmy," Phibbs apologized, openly horrified, but inwardly happy that the dashing Fifi had asked him.

"Oh, you'll learn soon enough," the girl smiled, "and learn to enjoy it, too."

Phibbs arose to dance. He felt cold all over and shook with fright. "That's it," cried Fifi. "My, you're a bear at it!"

A burly looking individual strode toward them as they shimmied on their way.

"Say, ho!" he yelled, so that everybody could hear. "That don't go here. Cut out the shimmying or I'll have to put you off the floor! What kind of a place do you think this is—a joint?"

"Well," said Mrs. Phibbs when they got home, "I thought you didn't know how to shimmy?"

"That was just a plain two-step," he insisted, all flustered up.

Old Man Gunbusta on Influenza

"THIS here Spanish influenza bug haint puttin' to the disease insects we had back in Dun Hollow," began old man Gunbusta as he propped his feet on the gas-log in one corner of Bert Pashley's store.

"I'll never f'git the time Moscow Malaria hit the Hollow," he went on, seeing that some of his cronies were willing to listen. "Oh, boys! When that struck our town everybody thought an earthquake had arrived. The natives were shaking continually. When a parade passed everybody would just hold up their hand with a handkerchief in it and it would shake just naturally. Them days when the whole town had chills it wuz a cinch to shake rugs or sift ashes. All a feller had to do was stand still with the respective articles in their hands. Ed McArthur shook a gal he'd been goin' with for twelve years an' Harold Gorringer couldn't wear a b'iled shirt 'cause he allus shook the studs and collar buttons out of it."

"Eggbeaters became obsolete. When a woman wanted to mix anything she just stuck her hands into it. Ethel, Harold Gorringer's eldest sister, had the Moscow malaria so bad an' shook so much that whenever she bathed her hands in milk to keep them soft an' velvety (she wuz the Beausess Brummel of the town) 'bout two minutes later some one would be chiselin' her dainty hands out of hard butter which she had churned without tryin'."

Not detecting a whimper among the listeners, the old man continued:

"An' the Greece gripe was certainly not welcome. It 'ud begin by your eyes waterin' so much one feared every minute the town assessors would come up an' fasten water meters to those havin' Greece gripe. If you did not hold your head down quick you'd be garglin'. It put the sprinklin' carts out of business an' lots of folks had drip-pans hangin' onto their chins. The doctors' bills would call for water assessments 'stead of professional services, an' folks wuz cryin' all the time about their riparian rights. Nobody would ever sneeze. They'd just splash. Old Lady Stark couldn't keep her false set of teeth from floatin' off of her gums and had to have a few of them filled with lead so as they would sink into their places."

"An' when the Swiss sneeze come along that got me. Would you believe it I sneezed so loud the neighbors complained and I had to go around continually with a mouthful of oil so as my sneeze could come out easy like an' not sound like escapin' steam. I sneezed holes in every handkerchief I used, so they'd look like a piece of Swiss cheese. I tried twice to raise a mustache, but sneezed it away every time. I tell you, gentlemen, this here Spanish influenza can't hold a candle to the diseases of bygone days."

And, getting up, old man Gunbusta walked out.

Heard Along Broadway

Bound to Do It.

BIGGE—Funny, isn't it, how so many successful men go bald? Little—Nothing funny about that. They're sure to come out on top.

A Mean Man.

"KINDLY return my lock of hair."

"All right. Do you want the dark lock or the one you gave me when you were a blonde?"

You Bet.

LITTLE KATHERINE—I know something I shan't tell! Crusty Bachelor—Never mind, dear. You'll get over that habit as you grow older.

The Wrong Place.

STUDENT (in jewelry store)—I've got a mug here that I want to have engraved.

Jeweller—I'm afraid you've made a mistake. The barber shop's next door.

No Chances.

THE RECTOR—Now, Molly, I would you rather be beautiful or good?

Molly—I'd rather be beautiful and repent.

Suspicious.

MRS. HOWELL—My husband says that I am one woman in a thousand.

Mrs. Powell—Aren't you jealous of the nine hundred and ninety-nine?